A

Farther Continuation

OF THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Crown - Inn.

PART III.

Containing the preſent State of the INN, and other Particulars.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for J. MOOR, and Sold by the Book-ſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Price 3*d*.

A

Farther Continuation OF THE HISTORY OF THE Crown - Inn, &c.

IN my laſt I told you what furious Pretentions were made to Mr. WRIGHT's Favour, by a Set of Fellows, who, you will conclude little deſerve it; and if you conſider that the greateſt part of that Letter was writ before His coming to Town; you will likewiſe agree, that I ſpoke ſomewhat like a Prophet.

But indeed, what is eaſier than to foreſee Things which have ſuch natural and unavoidable

voidable Conſequences; for nothing but the groſſeſt Impudence, as well as the moſt abſurd and vain Conceptions, could have given them the leaſt Pretence to it; or have urg'd them to hope what they were neither intituled to, or qualified for.

They were very officious in their Attendance on Mr. WRIGHT when he arrived near the Town, and as ſuppliant as Spaniels in their Sycophantick *Devoires*. They feigned and wrung out an hundred Compliments which he took littlenotice of; But of all, you would have laught heartily at *BOB*, with his *INVIOLABLE ATTACH*, and *boaſted Intereſt*; *BOB* after all was fain to implore the Favour to be introduced; and when he had duck'd himſelf into a low and obſequious Cringe, as he drew near, Mr. WRIGHT by a ſudden Preſence of Mind, turned his back upon him, and poor *BOB*'s Countenance fell like a *Weather-Glaſs* at the Alteration of the Weather.

This admirable Farce wou'd have laſted much longer, to the great Diverſion of the Town; but that Mr. WRIGRT who is the moſt free and unaffected Man living, and cannot endure any thing that looks like conſtraint, or ſervile Flattery, reſolved not to be peſter'd with 'em; and therefore by diſmiſſing *Jacob Ruſh*, *Sim*, and ſome other of the *Ringleaders*, deſigned to convince the reſt, what

what he thought of their Company; and that he was capable to diſtinguiſh thoſe who had merited from him, from thoſe who had not.

You will hardly believe me, when I tell you, that the *CURATE* had the Impudence to appear publickly at the *INN*. Surely the Front of that Fellow muſt be of the moſt ſolid and obdurate Braſs. Can it be forgot how often he has drank young **Shute**'s Health; and preach'd up his Intereſt by Inuendo's, in direct oppoſition to Mr. WRIGHT's Succeſſion? Is any thing more notorious, unleſs his own corrupt Life, than his encouraging his Enemies, both in Life and Doctrine? How often has he been drunk at the **Popes-Head**, the **Croſs-Keys**, and **Mitre**, with the Friends of young **Shute**? For he promotes no Houſe, that is not even in its very Deſcription well affected to him. Was this a Wretch now to appear bare-faced to Mr. WRIGHT? or can any thing better diſcribe the unaccountable Vanity of an unthinking termagant Party?

The Concluſion of this was, that the Wretch was huſtled out of the Houſe, and had been buffeted, but out of deference to his *Coat*. Can you divine now, what ſhould be in the Man's Head? His Friends indeed, according to their uſual Vanity, ſaid we ſhou'd

ſee him a B——p, but could even the moſt ſtupid *Clodpate* alive, really hope or believe this, after he ſaw his Confederates under the deplorable Circumſtances of *Diſgrace*, and the *Intereſt* entirely ſunk that could ſupport his unjuſt Pretenſions? Well of all the Senceleſs furious Creatures that breath in the open Regions of the Air, commend me to the *CURATE* and his Party, for ſomething very ridiculous, and out of the common Road and Propriety of Thinking.

A Friend of mine gives a very good turn to this and ſays, it was a Deſign of the Party to ſend him thither on purpoſe to be affronted, thereby to give a ſecond handle to enflame the Mob, as at an Injury or Diſreſpect offered to the *Church*; and this to be ſounded by the *Trumpets of Zion* among the People. I will grant for once they may be capable to Think, for there are ſome ſhallow *Trickſters* among them; and therefore my Friends Notion may be juſt but if ever they are hanged for *Conjurers* I'll be Shot, or throw my ſelf out of the Window, as an Auſpicious *Patron* of his did, when he remembered the irreparable Injury he had done his Country, by *Charioting* and Countenancing ſuch a pernicious *Incendiary*.

Upon the whole, the Party have now changed their Sentiments; it is at length beaten into their fortified Skulls; that their mighty

mighty Pretences to Mr. WRIGHT's Favour were frivilous, and without Ground. They do not ſo warmly, and proudly affirm now, *That they were the Men who brought him in*; and all the Love, and previous Grimaces, and the faint Acclamations before his Arrival, are turned into dull and inſignificant *Shruggs*.

The glorious *Changes* at the *I N N* have almoſt work'd them into their Ancient Spirit: The Conſternation is great, but they have always a Body of Reſerve ready to ſuſtain them under the moſt ſhocking and terrible Defeats. It is pleaſant to hear theſe Fellows, who but a few Days ago, were heard to utter the moſt melodious Things imaginable of Mr. WRIGHT, now aſſume a dogmatical Air of reaſoning upon his Conduct; and ſtraining themſelves into ambiguous and ridiculous Hints; as if his known and celebrated Virtue were any way in the Caſe of diſcountenancing ſuch a pack of deep Mouth'd *Curs*, that are always full Cry in running down *Truth* and *Innocence*; and where they hav neither Courage nor Honeſty to ſpeak their Minds, are Villains enough to make diſtant and raskally Reflections. But let them take care, for we have a ſubſtantial pair of *Stocks* here, and a *Whipping-Poſt* of the fitteſt Magnitude, equal to the brawnieſt Back of the moſt Sizeable Villain among them; beſides two ſturdy young *Elms* at the

Towns-

Towns-end, that grew in a true Proteſtant Country, where HEREDITARY RIGHT, SLAVERY, and ARBITRARY POWER were never heard off.

I am vexed that I muſt trouble you with ſuch Trifles as theſe, but I ſhall never get through my Purpoſe without letting you into theſe little Details; nor wou'd you be ſo capable to reliſh Things more momentous, if you were not truely poſſeſſed of the preſent State and litigious Spirit of the Party You remember what they were in Power, and 'tis proper you ſhou'd know what they are in *Adverſity*.

They forget the old Proverb, *That Sawce for the Gooſe is Sawce for the Gander*. What havock they made in turning out the *Old Servants*, upon the moſt frivolous Pretences, and what a Scrabling they made to get their Fingers into the *Widow*'s *Diſh*. Never was ſuch a Set of *Cormorants* known, they devoured by wholeſale, yet went on with eager Complaints againſt the *Old Servants*, the better to conceal their own voracious Stomachs: One was accuſed of taking *Half Penny Rolls* out of the *Bakers* Basket, another for Embezling the *Hay and Oats*, and a third for receiving *Reckonings* and not bringing the Money to the *Bar*: But for Truth, they left that to be made out by *Jonathan Wormwood* their *Amanuenſis* a very *bitter* Fellow againſt all the *old Servants*, a witty facetious Varlet, and a

Comp anion

and hanger on to *Bob*, who kept him for ſuch Purpoſes, for which he was excellently qualified, for he was as wicked as his Heart could wiſh; and had the beſt Talent at *Railery* and *Lies* a Man could poſſibly be endued withal.

How he handled the *Widow's Friends* and *Servants* you have heard already; it was however equal to the Juſtice and Candour of all their other Proceedings, and helpt to furniſh half the Blockheads in Town of that Party with Matter to hold an Argument. Some drew the whole *Rigmaro* into a kind of uſeful Common Place, for the greater Eaſe to their Memory's; and every *Jackdaw* or *Owl* in Town could hoot out ſome ſenceleſs Leſſon takenfrom his Scurrilous Memoirs.

Bob had half a Dozen of theſe Fellows at his Beck, who hated him heartily, but for the Bread they receiv'd out of the *Widow's Basket*. Every Raskal had his ſeparate Inſtructions. To one it was given to blacken the *Widow's* Friends, and ſhew the Neceſſity of coming to an Agreement without them; to another, to render our own Condition deſperate, the better to frighten People into a Sence of it; a third was to run down the Credit of the Old Servants, and cry up the great Honeſty of the new; a fourth, to diſcant on the *Church*; a fifth on *Trade*; and a ſixth inceſſantly to cry out *Faction*, *Plots*, *wicked Deſigns*, &c. and keep the Town in continual Alarm, to

prevent their cooling, or recovering their proper Sences.

Theſe *Tools*, as infamous as they were, anſwer'd the Ends they were employed on; the Mob eſpecially, and the moſt unthinking and injudicious People, were taken by the Ears, and liſtened to them with great Attention, and by ſuch Mountebank Methods, the Credit of their Proceedings at the *Inn* was wholly ſupported.

The *Widow*, poor Woman, they kept up in her Chamber, and perſuaded her, that her appearing below Stairs might be prejudicial to her Health, and that every thing went on well, and her *Cuſtomers* appeared all very much pleaſed with their Entertainment: So that ſhe ſeldome came into the *Bar*, unleſs now and then on a *Market-day* or ſo, or at a CLUB-SUPPER, when it was neceſſary for her to paſs ſome *Accounts*. The Rogues had indeed ſome Reaſon to ſay, ſhe was miſled and abuſed by the Old Servants, if they judged from the reſult of their own Conduct, for they found ſhe was a perfect eaſie Woman; and if her *Tenants* and *Cuſtomers* were but pleaſed with their Uſage, ſhe ſeldome enquired further, and they took 'ſpecial Care that none of the Old Servants might come near her, and ſtifled all Letters by the Poſt when they ſuſpected the Hand Writing, for

fear

ear ſhe ſhou'd get any Intelligence of the true Statof the *Houſe*.

They were taking all other Methods they could think on to make the Game ſure, when they differed among themſelves about the Means, and to the great Satisfaction of the Town, fell together by the Ears. *Nab*, like an ungrateful Slut as ſhe was, had not that regard to the Advancement *Bob* had been a Means to promote her to; and perhaps there was ſomething in it more than ordinary: *Bob* was on the decline, aged Fifty-five, and upwards; of a temperate and phlegmatick Conſtitution. *Harry* was in the meridian of his Days; a robuſt young Dog, full of Life and Fire, with a vigorous Shape, ſtrong Back, and hale Complexion, fed high, and had an amorous Soul of his own. The Rogue has good Blood in his Veins too, but no more the Son of old *HARRY* than I am of *Jupiter*. The old Man diſowns his Proceedings, and ſays, he always feared he would come to ſome violent End, from his turbulent diſobedient Spirit. That his Mother, reſt her Soul, dreamt of a *Comet* the Night ſhe was delivered of him, and could never govern him as he ſhou'd be. Nay, you muſt know the young Knave took up a Belt againſt his own Father once at a WRESTLING, and threw him out of the *Ring*.

But to proceed. *Harry*, by theſe ſtrong Perſuaſions, drew *Nab* into his Party: Not that ſhe has many *Babies* to be ſeen in her Eyes, for they have for ſome Years paſt, diſplayed but a very dull Water, yet the Jade had a feeling Conception of the foregoing Qualifications, and there was an excellent Character ſtirring of his ſingular Talent that Way. *Nab Eveſdropt* dropp'd all that paſs'd between the *VVidow* and *Bob*, and gave *Harry* an Account ſtill; and took all Opportunities to improve Things to his Advantage; for I ſhould have told you, that *Nab*, according to *Bob*'s Prediction, was by this Time become a Lady; and I can aſſure you, valued herſelf not a little upon it: She looked as much above her former *Occupation*, as an *Upſtart 'Squire* does above a *Hack*, when he has dipt the ANTIENT SEAT, for a Gilt Chariot, and a Pair of *Swiſh Tails*. *Nab* was *Hand and Glove* with the *VVidow*, and not a Pin could be ſtuck right, if it was not of *Nab*'s doing; for *Nab* had been well brought up, and could handle her Needle, tiff up a Falbelow, or do any other Work, as well as Drudgery; tho' the BEESOM was indeed the moſt exquiſitely adapted to her Hands of any other Perquiſite of her Office. *Nab* kept the *VVidow's Purſe*, and bought *Perfumes*, *Powder*, and *Patches*, &c. and made many a round Penny of her Markettings: She had

a

a Liquoriſh Tooth of her own, and loved a Cordial at her Heart, which ſhe always poſted in her Bill of Incidents: They ſay 'twas pretty large at the *VVidow's* Death.

There were other of the Female Servants at the INN violently attached to *Harry's* Perſon, through the Impreſſion of his ſmug Countenance, and brawny Shoulders: No *Page* cou'd ſwallow *Quince-Marmalet* more greedily, than theſe *Simpering Baggages* did the Complimental Addreſſes of the young *Brazier*; every one believing, like *Don John's* ſix Wives, *That ſhe was the VVoman!* and each putting herſelf forward, with the greateſt Addreſs to ſerve him, and render him gracious in the Eyes of the *VVidow*: This it is to have the Reputation of being what we call *a VVoman's Man*: *Bob*, with all his Politick Airs, and Set Faces, could not conjure himſelf into the Womens Graces; and *Harry* had a favourable Gift beyond all the Magick of his *VVand*. *Harry* wou'd Dance with them on the Green, play at *Drop-Glove*, *Stool-Ball*, and the like; which *Bob* was too feeble and ſtiff in the Hams for; and could only ſigh that he had introduced ſuch a Smock-faced young *VVhoreſbird* to Supplant him.

Thus

Thus you ſee by what Meaſures *Harry* carried his Point, and engag'd the *Private Services* of theſe *Female Advocates*, whoſe ſhort Triumph, and ſudden Fall, is now the Subject of their Tears and Concern. Realy, the Fellow might be very happy, could he but lay aſide Ambition, and confine himſelf to a rural kind of Life. The great Reſort of Females his Reputation wou'd ſoon draw about him, could not but afford a very happy Proſpect of Pleaſure to one, who is by Nature fitlier qualified for the lacivious Drudgery of a *Seraglio*, than the Gravity of Publick Buſineſs. In ſhort, *Harry*'s a very pretty Fellow, and a boon Companion; but the Rogue was ſo near ſacrificing his Country; he's never to be truſted at the INN more, if he comes off no worſe.

I muſt not forget, that I promiſed you an Account of the preſent State thereof. I concluded with telling you of the ſeveral *Changes* made at the INN, and what was likely to enſue. *Charles*, the *Head-Oſtler*, and *Ned Topſail*, as I hinted, are both reſtored to their Places: Honeſt *Will Truby* has joſtled that queer Fellow *Jack Squeamiſh*, out of his STEWARDSHIP; and *Frank Stirrup*, Son of old *Ralph* the *Caſh-keeper*, has received the Keys of the COFFER

FER again, from the reluctant Hands of *Nab*'s enabled *Conſort*.

Every thing looks with a good Aſpect, and the Houſe begins to appear in its ancient Grandeur: You may remember in what a Plight you left us; Solitary and Diſconſolate; our Credit ſunk; our Trade cramp'd and ruin'd; the *Country* Beggard; and the INN in the Hands of a Set of Arbritrary Fellows that drove on *Jehu*-like to our Deſtruction; our Friends affronted and diſcouraged; Honeſt Men put out of all, and none but a parcel of indefeaſible Raskals preferr'd, who deſerved hanging for their known Zeal to young **Shute**: But you will now find us with ſmiling Countenances, chearful Spirits, and compoſed Minds. We could hardly ſpeak before for fear of our *Taskmaſters*; but we dare now Noſe thoſe Villains that uſed to gibe us. Men of Integrity are only looked on at the INN, and to have been well attached to the New LANDLORD, is the beſt Argument for preſent Merit.

Robin Bold, the Plummer, *Dick File-duſt*, the Smith, *Nick Silver-Tongue*, the Lapidary, and the reſt of the honeſt Lads that ſtood titely for him at the laſt WRESTLING, are brought into Play again, and are ready to take up a *Cudgel* on the *ſame ſide*, whenever Occaſion offers. They threaten us hard in ſome Parts of

of the *Country*, but we have as good as carried the *Belt* in this *Town* already almoſt two to one; and we doubt not but to ſhew 'em fair Play for it every where elſe: We have a Parcel of mettled Lads that have been uſed to Sport, and are not afraid of a broken Head or two, if it comes to the Puſh.

You may remember, I always told you *Things* could not laſt long as they went on; and 'tis confirmed what I told you in my Firſt, that the *VVidow* deſigned to have made great Alterations at the *I N N*, had ſhe recovered. 'Tis likewiſe as certain, that they broke her Heart among them, by diſcovering one anothers Rogueries, when they fell out. Poor Woman! they had harraſs'd her ſo for 3 Years together, and made her break her Word ſo often with her honeſt *Friends* and *Tenants*, that when ſhe came once to reflect, it caſt her into ſuch a deep Melancholy, as carried her precipitately to the Grave. In her laſt Intervals, ſhe entered into the following *Soliloquy*, "Unhappy Woman! have I for this "ſo long eat the Bread of Carefulneſs? Took "Pains early and late to promote a Trade, "and gain Reputation to the I N N, on "purpoſe to make all thy *Tenants* and *Cuſtomers* eaſie and happy? And is all my Trouble and Care come to this at laſt? It was "not ſo, ſays ſhe, in the Days of my old "Servants: My Affairs went well then;

and

" and nothing I undertook but was Succeſs-
" ful. I had a Reputation far and near, and
" was eſteemed and courted even by my very
" Adverſaries: My Tenants and Cuſtomers
" were perpetually Rejoicing; but I fear
" I have now given them too great an Occa-
" ſion for Sorrow. Could I recal a little
" Time, *But I ſhall ne'er outlive it*; I wou'd
" endeavour to remove the Cauſe, and make
" them all eaſie again. But this is reſerved
" for Heaven and my Succeſſor: Tell my
" poor *People* I dye theirs; and yet I am ſor-
" ry I cannot do more to redreſs them before
" I depart. This ſaid, ſhe turned about,
and with a Sigh breathed out her Soul to him
that gave it.

Were theſe Fellows capable of Correction, ſure this would have ſome effect on them: But I deſpair of ever ſeeing them ſhew the leaſt Signs of Grace and Repentance.

You have heard how they wou'd have inſinuated themſelves into Mr. WRIGHT's Favour, and what a fawning and cringing they uſed at firſt, but when they ſaw he was not to be cajoled, and made a very juſt Diſtinction of their Proceedings toward him, by clearing the *Houſe* of them; they preſently changed their Notes, and are forming a Cabal againſt his Conduct.

The rewarding the long and eminent Services of honeſt *John Truſty*, is one of the greateſt *Cuts* to 'em of all; for tho' they bear the reſt with Spleen and Impatience enough, yet there is in this a double Portion of Acrimony. *John* was the Honour and Support of the old *Servants*, and the Terror and Diſgrace of the *New*: *John* caried the CAUSE againſt Old **Savage** for many Years together, to the great Diſadvantage of their Idol Young **Shute**. *John* refuſed to Countenance their Schemes in making the Compoſition, and rather choſe to retire out of the Country, than breath the ſame Air with ſuch Villains as ſeemed to have abandoned all Faith and Honour, and were driving at the Ruin of their Country. And if that Raskal *Slyboots* had nothing elſe to anſwer but the Perſecution and ill Treatment of this worthy Man, that were enough never to have him forgiven.

How eaſie it is to gueſs the Rage and Ferment theſe Fellows are in at Mr. WRIGHT's glorious Proceedings. They ſay, *he begins too ſoon, moves too faſt, and that this cannot laſt long*, with other ſuch rediculous Stuff: But theſe are rather their Wiſhes than their Sentiments; both which are as much below his Reſentment, as the ſenceleſs Reflection of the Party. He came here to govern, and choſe rather to ſhew them, that he ſaw no Rea-

Reaſon to conceal his Reſentment, nor to continue Men about him whom he cou'd not chuſe but be uneaſie at; and if they have any Modeſty, they ought to believe themſelves obnoxious, and make a ſilent Retreat. That there was more Sincerity and Juſtice in opening himſelf freely at firſt, and letting them ſee he had no Reaſon to diſguiſe himſelf, than to act in Deference to their Judgement, or have any regard to the cenſure of People he had ſo little reaſon to value. They Miſtake, he has both too much Courage and too much Honeſty to endeavour to veil his Conduct; or proceed with the leaſt regard to their empty Commendations: *Hipocriſie* was Property a rather becoming the laſt Three Years, than the Prudence, Juſtice, Honour, and excellent Management of the New LANDLORD, whoſe *Rule* is TO REWARD HIS FRIENDS, DO JUSTICE TO HIS ENEMIES; AND FEAR NONE.

They are endeavouring to poſſeſs the People that he deſigns to curtail the Dignity of the INN; by reducing the Gates two Foot narrower in Circumference; to prohibit the *Eating of Beef*; abridge the Servants Wages; and allow them only Small Beer at their Victuals; and finally, that he intends to take down the *Steeple*, and employ the *Stones* and *Rubbiſh* to make a *Fence* for the *Conventicle*, with other pre-

prepoſterous *Cant.* Then, to give terrible Idea's of his Perſon, they repreſent him with a furious ſtern Look, and a Head like a *Dragon*, with Scales and Fins like a Fiſh; and with ſuch-like incredible Stuff endeavour to make an Impreſſion on the People: But let them go on; when they have *Lyed* till they are weary of it, the *Banter* will end in their own Shame and Confuſion.

I could enlarge egregiouſly on his admirable Qualities; the great Temperance, Juſtice, Candour and Moderation of his Temper: but I ſhall omit it till a more favourable Opportunnity, having already almoſt fill'd up my Scrole.

I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that ſome unlucky Knaves, in a Picture ſpread privately about, have drawn poor *Harry* in *Deep Mourning*, with the LEAGUE in one Hand, and a *Halter* in the other, the *Hangman* carrying an *Axe* before him with the *Edge* towards him; In the upper Copartment is the *Gallows hung* with *Black Bays*, for *Arthur Skip-kennel*, *Mat.* the *Tavern-Boy*, *Con.* and ſome of the reſt of them. I am,

Yours, &c.

FINIS.

317558